

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 416.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1830.

[Price 2d.]

Queen Elizabeth's Palace at Enfield.



This is but a sorry specimen of a royal residence, and will not compare with Mr. Nash's splendid affair at Pimlico. The form is, however, nearly the same, and desert and dismantled as is the Enfield palace, we ought to make allowance for the wear and tear of two hundred and fifty years before we place its mouldering walls in competition with the gorgeousness and spick-and-span finery of those of Buckingham.

The celebrity of Enfield for its royal chase must be known to the youngest of our readers. In the town, at the date of our Engraving, 1778, stood the above palace, respecting the building of which antiquaries are not agreed.

It was the manor-house of Enfield; and either in this, or another ancient house, called Elsyng hall, (now demolished,) Edward VI. on his accession to the throne, kept his court, for five months before he removed to London. Mr. Lysons is of opinion (*Environs*, vol. ii. p. 28,) that the palace underwent considerable repairs, or perhaps was wholly rebuilt, in the reign of this prince, and most probably upon occa-

sion of the manor being granted to the Princess Elizabeth.

One of the rooms very lately remained in its original state, with oak panels, and a richly ornamented ceiling. The chimney-piece was supported by columns of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, and decorated with the cognizances of the rose and portcullis, and the arms of France and England quartered, with the garter, and royal supporters, a lion and a gryphon. Underneath was this motto: "*Sola salus servire Deo: sunt cætera fraudes*—Our only security is to serve God: aught else is vanity." In the same room was preserved part of another chimney-piece, with nearly the same ornaments, and this motto: "*Ut ros super herbam, est benevolentia regis*—Like the dew on the grass is the bounty of the king;" alluding, it is probable, to the royal grant. Among the collection of royal letters in the British Museum is a Latin one from the Princess Elizabeth, dated Enfield, and in the Bodleian Library, is a MS. copy of a sermon, translated by that princess, from the Italian of Occhini. It is written on vellum, in

her own hand, and was sent, as a new year's gift, to her brother, King Edward. The dedication is dated Enfield, Dec. 30, the year not mentioned.

When Elizabeth became queen, she frequently visited Enfield, and kept her court there in the early part of her reign. The palace was alienated from the crown by Charles I., and has been ever since in private hands. In 1670 it was taken by Dr. Uvedale, master of the grammar-school, who being attached to the study of botany, planted a cedar of Libanus, long one of the finest in the kingdom, and measuring at three feet from the ground, (in 1793,) twelve feet in girth, and in 1815, fifteen feet eight inches, at about one foot and a half from the ground. Tradition says, that this tree, when a plant, was brought from Mount Libanus in a portmanteau. Its girth, at one foot six inches from the ground, (in 1820,) was sixteen feet. Dr. Uvedale formed here one of the finest collections of scarce exotics in England. The whole building, in front, was taken down in 1792, and on the site of it are erected some small houses.

Elsynge House, or Enfield House, was another royal mansion in this neighbourhood; yet it must not be confused with the above palace. Our view was taken in 1778, and Mr. Lysons, (in 1795,) states that the site of Elsynge could not then be traced.

The Novelist.

A NIGHT OF ROMANCE.

For the Mirror.

I HAD resigned myself to sleep, and "the fresh dew of summer dreams," as Shakspeare would term it, lay gently on my eyelids; but whether it proceeded from Titania's fairy rose, or Oberon's violet, I am unable, at present, to afford the slightest detail. My imagination, nevertheless, exercised itself in a succession of the most delusive phantasies, and my brains were crowded with all the imagery essential to the composition of an Italian novel. I reposed beneath the roof of an inn, situated in an airy and sunny part of the proud and magnificent city of Rome. I cannot conceive how it was, but my eyes were absolutely charmed with the blue glory of the sky—the rich fleecy livery of the clouds, and the beautiful stars that lighted up their bowers in the tranquil heaven:

So gleams the past—the light of other days!"
and to "the light of other days," I did

not hesitate to advert. I fancied that I breathed in those times, when Rienzi,

"The friend of Petrarch! hope of Italy!"

exercised his majestic genius in defence of the freedom of his immortal Rome. I was one of the most wealthy and turbulent conspirators. How I kicked, danced, and shouted at the gates of the Capitol, till the old statues that crowned them seemed to quiver with a supernatural convulsion at the sound of my voice! Cæsar, when he passed the stream of the Rubicon, never created a more fearful commotion than myself. The scene shifted its position. I knelt, a tall, graceful cavaliero at the feet of the young and lovely Marchesa di Cezeli, in a hall that contained the most splendid pictorial conceptions of the Italian painters. From the stately windows the moonlight descended in a gush of silver beauty, and the marble floor seemed saturated with its glow. The marchesa occasionally drew her gentle hand over a lute, which awhile wrapt up my spirit in its exquisite music; and many a sweet tale related by her beautiful lips, enchanted the solitary spirit of our loneliness. We spoke of stars, eyes, bowers, songs, lutes, spells, and other fairy ingredients which Moore has mixed up so delightfully in the pages of *Lalla Rookh*; and I implicitly believe that the motion of my heart responded to hers! But our blissful dreams were soon dissolved. The tocsin-bell sounded up its strain of alarm! In an instant the whole city poured out its population, including Joseph Bonaparte and his valet-de-chambre, the artillery rolled by, the Austrian banner challenged defiance from the French, lights flashed in every direction, and trumpets pealed from every square. Amid this riot and confusion I leaped from the window, leaving the marchesa to dream of my fidelity at a more convenient season. In avoiding the tumult, however, I received a slight scratch from the bayonet of a grenadier—pooh! I awoke and found that a spiteful gnat had stung me.

I again sunk into repose, but the same romantic visions haunted the solitude of my brain. My imagination represented the lovely blue sea of Naples extending around me, as a gallant bark bore me away from the paradise-land of Italy. My spirit for awhile was engrossed by many conflicting emotions, to which succeeded a contemplative mood of pensiveness. Thanks to my stars! I had little time allowed me to indulge in melancholy reflections, for a lurch of

the ship threw me with so much force against a snug little gentleman in black, that I overturned him. I expressed my regret for the unwelcome intrusion into which I had been thrown; but the little man laughed heartily. "You came against your will, my friend," he observed, "and they are sending me to Venice against mine."

"To Venice?" I replied, "I am going thither also."

"This is choice, my friend; but for whom do you take me? I am Murat!—yes—nothing less than the crowned King of Naples; and they send me to Venice to play the eaves-dropper by the process of some capricious policy or other. But what is your opinion of me?"

"Of you!" I exclaimed, as my bosom glowed with the recollections consecrated to his name; "can I express my admiration in adequate language of the hero whose sword divided the chain which had so long bound Naples to her tyrants! But surely, Signor Murat, our poets and journalists do not describe your personal attractions very accurately."

"Bah! my friend, they rely too much on the pomp of sword and plume; but a truce to further colloquy—are you fond of adventure?"

"Yes, Signor Murat, I have been companioned with it for the last ten years of my life."

"Lend an ear then, and your fortune depends on the activity with which you execute my proposal. You must proceed to St. Mark's with this packet of communication, and promptly deliver it to the *Padre* Augustine Nicolo, whose reward for your essential mission will amount to a thousand dollars. Beware is a word somewhat mysterious in sound, but I must apprise you, that if you are discovered with the papers in your possession, the *Forty* will doubtless claim your head."

After a few moments employed in deliberating, I accepted the commission which Murat had assigned to me; and if, as an old dramatic writer has set down:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;"
I am induced to believe that I completed my decision in a manner coincident with his illustrative poetry; for the tide at that moment impelled our bark into the arms of the lovely Bride of the Adriatic!

The *Padre* Augustine received me with a cordial welcome; but his Jesuitical tenacity was soon excited. Having

obtained possession of the papers with which I had been entrusted, he firmly asserted the inconsistency of acceding to the munificent intentions of Murat. Incensed by such an affirmation I felt the lava of my intemperate heart kindling with the passion of revenge. He invited me to an alcove, beneath whose shadowy loneliness rippled the blue waves of the sea; and he there pledged me in a cup of the sweetest sherbet that mortal lips ever tasted. In recompense for such politeness, I threw him into the Adriatic, whose waters he has probably sanctified ere now.

The honesty of my employer now seemed extremely dubious; and in the adoption of a discovery, I expected to console my departed dreams of reward. I hastened to the Doge, or rather to the chief magistrate, (for "Rome of the Ocean," as Venice is called, has no claim whatever to the former distinction,) and acknowledged the commission with which Murat had invested me. The heart of the Doge seemed brimful of joy; but just as he was deliberating on the propriety of introducing me into a dungeon beneath the Bridge of Sighs, a French banner flashed in the sunlight which illumined the hall, and a band of grenadiers, with Murat at their head, relieved the Doge of his meditations. I reminded Murat of his treachery, with a blow of my fist, which at any other time would have dashed the Lion of St. Mark from his pedestal!

"The Magdalena save your honour!" exclaimed my host, "and make you more gentle for the time to come."

"Ha! Francesco,—what vision is this?"

"Why your honour has not only thrown me down, but also broken the cup which contained the chocolate intended for your breakfast."

"And my dream has departed too—so farewell to Murat, the Doge of Venice, and the Lion of St. Mark!"

Deal.

R. A.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT ORGAN.

THE first organ seen in France was sent to Pepin, by the Emperor Constantine Capronymus, in 757; and was placed in the Church of Saint Corneille de Compeigne. Roquefort asserts, that the effects produced by it were extraordinary, some persons being so completely enraptured as to be carried away in a state of insensibility.

Upon this we may as well remark,

that after every boast of the music, musical instruments, and musicians of former days, it is but a convincing proof of the very, very low ebb at which all stood in the darker ages, "the good old times," (as malcontents call them,) of the world. What sort of thing must an organ have been in 757? About as like an organ in 1830, as a dulcimer is like a grand six octave piano forte. What then must music have been at that period, when an instrument so imperfect, could produce such ravishment? And, to carry the retrospection still further back, what must music, what must men have been in those ages, when the three, or even seven-stringed lyre, produced the wondrous effects of which we read? Yet the Greek music, and Greek modes, still puzzle the theorist, when it is even probable that could they be divested of fable, and the obscurity of ages, he would hold them in supreme contempt, and be guided, willingly, by the better lights of science, which shine in the present day. But it is in human nature, ever to reverence what it does not understand; therefore, whilst a comparison may readily be drawn between an organ of the eighth, and an organ of the nineteenth century, and whilst it must be allowed that our own intellectual improvement obliges us to view with feelings of blended mirth and compassion, the barbarous state of musical science in that age; we have no data on which to ground a comparison between any instrument, or any musical mode of the present day, with the lyre and modes of darkest antiquity.

ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY FOR
DANCING.

(For the Mirror.)

LOUIS XII. of France, held a grand court at Milan, in 1501, where the balls are said to have been magnificent. At these the Cardinals de Nairbonne, and de St. Laverin; footed with the rest of the courtiers. Cardinal Pallavino relates, that the fathers, doctors, bishops, and other church dignitaries assembled at the Council of Trent, rested for awhile, in 1562, from polemics, to deliberate upon giving a ball to Philip II. of Spain. After mature deliberation, the measure was adopted, the ball given, and at it danced with the ladies of the city, who had been invited, the Spanish bigot, and the Fathers of the Council. The example of David dancing before the Ark of the Covenant, has been often adduced as a sacred authority for this agreeable amusement; but then it must

be remembered that in some ages and countries, and amongst some sects, dancing was considered as much a religious method of expressing devotional feeling, as the singing of psalms and hymns.

RAPIERS AND RUFFS.

RAPIERS, succeeded, in the reign of Elizabeth, the heavy two-edged swords, but were worn of such an extraordinary length, that government limited the length of these weapons to three feet; a proclamation was made to this effect, as also for the curtailment of ruffs; and steady, serious citizens were placed at each gate, to cut the ruffs, and break the rapier's points of all passengers who exceeded the allowed measure. "He, (says Stowe,) was accounted the greatest gallant, that had the deepest ruff, and the longest rapier." Lord Talbot, in a letter to Lord Shrewsbury, relates, "that in 1580, M. Malvoiser, the French ambassador, riding to take the ayer, inne hys returne cam thorowe Smithfield, and there at the barrs was stayed by thos officers that setteth to cut sowerdes, by reason hys rapier was longer than the statute. He was in a great fewrie and drewe hys rapier. In the meane season, my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and so stayed the matter. Her matie. is greatly offended with the officers, in that they wanted judgement." M. L. B.

ANCHORS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE first invention of an anchor, (says Potter) some ascribe to the Tyrrhenians; others to Midas, the son of Gordius, whose anchor, Pausanias tells us, was preserved in one of Jupiter's temples till his days. Since there were divers sorts of anchors, it is not improbable that both these may justly lay claim to part of the invention. The most ancient anchors are said to have been of stone, and sometimes of wood, to which a great quantity of lead was usually fixed. In some places baskets full of stones, and sacks filled with sand, were employed for the same use. All these were let down by cords into the sea, and by their weight stayed the course of the ship. Afterwards, anchors were composed of iron, and furnished with teeth, which being fastened to the bottom of the sea, preserved the vessel immovable. At first there was only one tooth, but in a short time a second was added by Eupalamus, or Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher. The anchors with two teeth (from ancient monu-

ments) appear to have been much the same with those used in our days, only the transverse piece of wood upon their handle is wanting in all of them. Every ship had several anchors, one of which surpassing all the rest in bigness and strength, was peculiarly termed in Latin, *sacra*, and was never used but in extreme danger, whence "*sacram anchoram solvere*" is proverbially applied to such as are forced to their last refuge.

P. T. W.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF JOHANNA.

JOHANNA, one of the Comora Islands, is situated in the Mozambique Channel, in lat. 12 deg. 7 min. south, and long. 44 deg. 30 min. east. It lies between the north end of the island of Madagascar and the continent of Africa.

The appearance of Johanna from the anchorage is magnificently beautiful, the country being rich and picturesque beyond description. As far as the eye can range, not a spot is to be seen that is not literally covered with fruit-trees of almost every description known in the tropical climates; some were green, some in blossom, and others bearing; showing at one view, from the happy temperature of the climate, all the various tints of spring, summer, and autumn. The hills gradually rise one above the other, covered with the richest verdure, which reaches down to the very edge of the sea; one large mountain fills up the background, clothed with delicious fruit-trees from its base to the very summit, which runs up into the clouds to a height of at least two thousand feet from the level of the sea, thus giving the Island the appearance of all that is delightful and luxuriant.

As soon as the confusion of anchoring the ship and furling sails was over, we were beset with dukes, lords, admirals, counts, &c. &c. who came off to solicit our washing, and also to offer their services as guides or servants during our stay at the island. They produced letters of recommendation from various officers that had touched at the Island of Johanna, certifying their honesty, and that they washed well; but as none of these people understood their contents, it was laughable to find that many of these letters concluded with a remark, that "the bearer required being sharply looked after, and that the Johannese were an over-reaching set."

I hired Admiral Lord Rodney to wash and provide for me during our stay, and found him as petty an impostor as any of them. Their assurance in asking for any thing they fancied was beyond conception; one of them actually begged Captain Roberts to give him the epaulettes from off his shoulders. It was truly laughable to see the farcical manner in which these people were dressed. I shall describe two of them, which will convey some idea of the whole. They all wore turbans, according to the costume of the country. Admiral Lord Rodney had a very fine one, ornamented with gold lace, and a star in front; a short-sleeved red cloth frock-coat, trimmed with gold lace, reached down to his knees; on his shoulders were a pair of gold epaulettes—certainly they were a little tarnished, but this splendid upper finery, contrasted with his dusky visage, black teeth, and red nails, which are held in high estimation at Johanna, bare legs, (for the trousers were large and tied at the knee), no shoes or stockings, gave him upon the whole a most grotesque appearance. Commodore Blauket's head-dress was the same as Lord Rodney's, but the Commodore's coat was green, and ornamented with silver lace, and large yellow metal buttons. A badge was suspended to his left bosom, somewhat resembling a city porter's, on which his name was engraved at full length, with the year and date on which his celebrated namesake touched at the island, and who thus honoured him and the rest of the natives with their names and badges of distinction. A pair of silver aiguillettes surmounted this jumble of finery; and to complete the whole, he was, like the rest, bare-footed, bare-legged, copper-coloured, with red nails, and black teeth. They were all dressed in the same ludicrous manner, and had much the appearance of a company of strolling players, dressed out for performance at a country fair. The fashion of wearing badges of distinction is growing into disuse, for very few had them; formerly they were much more generally worn. When the late Captain Beaver touched at Johanna in 1812, he thus adverted to them:—"Most of our illustrious admirals and statesmen, or rather their namesakes, ostentatiously paraded before me; and that no mistake might occur as to who was Howe, Rodney, or Pitt, they wore copper tallies of their dignity on their breasts."

In the course of the day I went on shore, in company with Mr. O'Reilly: immediately on landing we received an

invitation from Prince Ali, the King's son, who is heir to the throne (if such it may be called) of Johanna. We found that this Prince spoke a little English: he received us very kindly, and with a courtesy of manner far beyond what we could possibly have anticipated. His house, or rather the room we were in, was most curiously decorated, being hung round with upwards of a hundred little sixpenny looking-glasses in gilt frames. Round pieces of tin, many of them gilt, were nailed against the walls and ceiling, also several china basins were stuck in, bottom upwards; added to this display of Johannese embellishment, there were numerous paltry prints, daubed over with the brightest and most gaudy colours, which served to fill up every vacancy throughout the walls and ceiling, so that it was impossible to distinguish what the latter consisted of, but upon the whole it gave the room an air of comfort, and in the Prince's opinion, no doubt, a great degree of elegance. The furniture consisted of four very fine couches, covered with rich crimson silk, which the Prince informed us were his beds; one old oaken table, and two very high-backed, leather-bottomed chairs—these latter articles he informed us were presented to him by the captain of an English vessel. Prince Ali is a very fine young man, with large expressive dark eyes, a pleasing countenance, and about twenty-one or two years of age. His manners and address were very easy, accompanied with an air of great superiority. During our stay, we were constantly fanned by little black slave boys, with fans composed of feathers.

We afterwards visited the Prince's garden, but it did not appear that much care or taste had been bestowed upon it. It merely consisted of two long groves of fruit-trees, such as are peculiar to tropical climates, and all these are to be found wild in abundance at Johanna. The prince sent one of his slaves up a cocoa-nut-tree, in order to procure some *toddy*, a liquid which is extracted from the tree itself. The man climbed up the tree with the greatest ease, carrying with him a gourd, a hatchet, and gimblet; when nearly at the top, he cut through the bark, then bored a hole, and immediately the toddy ran out as clear as crystal. It is a most excellent beverage, very much resembling cider strongly flavoured with cocoa-nut milk.

June 14th. Sultry weather. Employed wooding and watering the ship; one of our men fell from the top of a

cocoa-nut tree, a height of about thirty feet, and, strange to say, did not hurt himself in the least. In the afternoon, we went on shore again for the purpose of dining with Prince Ali. As we landed, the lower limb of the sun was just kissing the horizon; hundreds of the natives were assembled on the sea-shore, watching its declining rays, and when that glorious orb had sunk beneath the wave, they laid themselves prostrate on the ground, with their faces turned towards the spot where it had so majestically disappeared. The sight was truly imposing, and for some time we remained riveted to the spot where we had landed, fearing to disturb them. Presently they uttered a loud prayer and rose upon their knees; then standing upright, crossed themselves, and bowing, as it were, to the sunken luminary, they began to halloo and dance about like mad people. After this ceremony was over, they had recourse to their chunam, beetle-nut, tobacco, &c., and fully made up, from the quantities which they crammed into their mouths, for having fasted all the day. They then separated for their homes, in order to break their fast. I ought previously to have mentioned, that this was the period of their Ramahdan, during which time, as is well known, for forty days Mohammedans are prohibited from breaking their fast from sunrise till sunset, and this was the reason why our dinner hour with Prince Ali was named after sunset. On arriving at the Prince's, we found Mr. Elliott, the Missionary, added to our party. We were received by the Prince with his usual urbanity of manners, and sat down to a dinner in the English style, the table being laid out with knives, forks, plates, &c. We formed a very sober party, having nothing stronger than cocoa-nut water to drink, the religion of the country prohibiting the use of wine or spirits. The dinner was tolerable; it consisted of very good soup, curried fowls, and roast beef, abominably tough. We could easily perceive that the Prince was not accustomed to use a knife or fork; it was merely out of compliment to us that he attempted it, for several times he was obliged to lay it down and have recourse to his fingers, according to the fashion of his country, where they all eat out of a large wooden bowl, without plates or dishes, merely using a spoon and their fingers. His two attendants did not sit at the table with us, but dined in their own style, in one corner of the room, where they sat cross-legged on the floor. During dinner, we were constantly fan-

ned by slaves, which was highly requisite to keep off the tormenting mosquitos and allay the suffocating heat.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ONCE UPON A TIME.

SUNNY locks of brightest hue
Once around my temples grew,—
Laugh not, Lady! for 'tis true;
Laugh not, Lady! for with thee
Time may deal despitely;
Time if long he lead thee here,
May subdue that mirthful cheer;
Round those laughing lips and eyes
Time may write sad histories;
Deep indent that even brow,
Change those locks, so sunny now,
To as dark and dull a shade,
As on mine his touch hath laid.

Lady! yes, these locks of mine
Cluster'd once, with golden shine,
Temples, neck, and shoulders round,
Richly gushing if unbound,
If from band and bodkin free,
Half way downward to the knee.
Some there were took fond delight,
Sporting with those tresses bright,
To enring with living gold
Fingers, now beneath the mould,
(Woe is me!) grown icy cold.

One dear hand hath smooth'd them too,
Since they lost the sunny hue,
Since their bright abundance fell
Under the destroying spell.
One dear hand! the tenderest
Ever nurse-child rock'd to rest,
Ever wiped away its tears.
Even those of later years
From a cheek untimely hollow,
Bitter drops that still may follow,
Where's the hand will wipe away?
Hers I kiss'd—(Ah! dismal day,
Pale as on the shroud it lay.
Then, methought, youth's latest gleam
Departed from me like a dream—
Still, though lost their sunny tone,
Glossy brown these tresses shone,
Here and there, in wave and ring
Golden threads still glittering;
And (from band and bodkin free)
Still they flow'd luxuriantly.

Careful days, and wakeful nights,
Early trench'd on young delights.
Then of ill, an endless train,
Wasting languor, wearying pain,
Fev'rish thought that racks the brain,
Crowding all on summer's prime,
Made me old before my time.

So a dull, unlovely hue
O'er the sunny tresses grew,
Thinn'd their rich abundance too,
Not a thread of golden light,
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now again, a shining streak
'Gins the dusky cloud to break;—
Here and there a glittering thread
Licks the ringlets, dark and dead,—
Glittering light!—but pale and cold—
Glittering thread!—but not of gold.

Silent warning! silvery streak!
Not unheeded dost thou speak.
Not with feelings light and vain—
Not with fond regretful pain,
Look I on the token sent
To announce the day far spent;—
Dark and troubled hath it been—
Sore misused! and yet between
Gracious gleams of peace and grace
Shining from a better place.

Brighten—brighten, blessed light!
Fast approach the shades of night,—
When they quite enclose me round,
May my lamp be burning found!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS theatre was situated near Exeter 'Change, in the Strand, and opposite to Wellington-street, leading to Waterloo Bridge. On the site of the present theatre, a society of artists, previous to the existence of the Royal Academy, built a large room for exhibiting their productions, and named it the *Lyceum*, of which, on the establishment of the Royal Academy, Garrick bought the lease, to prevent its being appropriated to any theatrical exhibition. It afterwards came into the possession of a Mr. Lingham, a breeches-maker in the Strand, with some adjoining premises; on their site he erected a building, which was called a theatre, and opened about 1790, for music,* dancing, and harmonic meetings, under a magistrate's license; whilst a large room was occupied by some panoramic pictures and battle pieces, painted by Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Ker Porter. About 1794, or 1795, Lingham granted a new lease to the late Dr. Arnold, who partly erected a theatre on the ground adjoining the Lyceum, which was intended for a winter minor theatre; but the license being suppressed by the proprietors of the patent theatres, Lingham received back his lease, with a new theatre nearly completed on the premises. It was then let for exhibitions of music, dancing, and horsemanship, and in 1800, or 1801, for a classical exhibition of paintings transformations, &c., descriptive of Egypt and called "The Egyptiana." Soon after this, a foreigner realized a handsome fortune by exhibiting here the first phantasmagoria seen in England.

In 1808, S. A. Arnold, Esq., son of Dr. Arnold, and the proprietor of the theatre just destroyed, obtained leave from the Lord Chamberlain to establish an *English Opera*: he entered into a treaty for Lingham's interest in the premises, which treaty was not concluded in 1809, when Drury Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire. Lingham now advanced his price, and Mr. Arnold became a purchaser at more than double the sum originally demanded; and at several thousand pounds expense completed the theatre. The Drury Lane Company acted here the three following seasons, the summer being occupied by the per-

* The music was by G. Reeve, the popular composer of several dramatic pieces.

formance of the English Operas, under the direction of Mr. Arnold. The Lyceum continued closed during the winter of 1812, in consequence of Mr. Arnold being manager of the new Drury Lane Theatre; but on the appointment of a new Committee, he withdrew from the management, pulled down the old theatre in the Strand, and in 1816,* rebuilt, from the design of Mr. Beazley, under a new lease for 99 years, from the Marquess of Exeter, the late *English Opera House*, the ground rent of which is stated at £800. per annum; and the sum altogether expended upon the building, furnishing, and decorating (exclusive of the original purchase-money,) amounted to little less than £80,000.,† in addition to a severe loss by a fire in Exeter-court, in which the unfinished ornaments, &c. of the theatre were destroyed.

The proprietor conceiving his license to be unrestricted, proposed to open his new theatre on an extended scale, as was stated "For the encouragement of native talent, and as a school for English music, under the express sanction of his majesty." In this object he was, nowever, thwarted by the jealousy of the patent theatres, and his season was by their interference, restricted to four summer months. Mr. Arnold was, in consequence, defeated in his principal aim,—the cultivation of native musical talent, and for some seasons the performances were almost confined to light comic pieces, in imitation of the French vaudevilles.‡ In 1824, was produced here, an adaptation of Weber's Opera of *Der Freischütz*, the success of which encouraged Mr. Arnold in introducing to the English stage several foreign operas of exquisite beauty.

Notwithstanding the short summer season, the English Opera House was seldom closed many weeks together. In the winter and spring, previous to 1828, the theatre was open with Mr. Mathews' Entertainments, and the Lent Astronomical Lecture, delivered by Mr. Bartley. In 1828, the theatre was elegantly fitted up for the regular performance of French plays, the season being terminated by the commencement of that of the English Opera. Towards the close of 1828, the Covent Garden Company performed here for a few nights,§ until the

* Opened June 15, 1816.

† History of the Theatres Royal, 4to. 1824.

‡ The plan of the English Opera was probably taken from the *Opera Comique*, or *Théâtre Feydeau*, one of the most agreeable theatres in Paris.

§ This was on the occasion of Covent Garden Theatre being closed during some repairs of the gas works.

theatre was refitted for the French performances.

The exterior front is a handsome stone portico, supported by eight Ionic columns, between which are suspended large gas lanterns. The columns support a stone balcony with rounded balustrades; on the centre of which is engraved the word "Lyceum." Above this are three tiers of windows, the second and third tiers being divided by bands, on the upper of which appears "Theatre Royal."

The *Auditory* was nearly the horse-shoe form; and the distance from the front boxes to the orchestra only 50 feet. There were two circles or tiers of boxes, with two galleries, and slips on each side over the upper boxes; a range of private boxes behind the dress circle, and others on each side, level with the second circle. The pit was, perhaps, better contrived than any other in London, it being raised on an inclined plane, so that, from the front seat to the entrance door, there was no step either upwards or downwards.

We were accustomed to consider the late English Opera House as the best constructed Theatre in London. The distance between the performer and spectator was only two feet more than it was in Garrick's Theatre, and Dr. Kitchiner went so far as to attribute Garrick's success to his proximity to his audience. At Drury Lane the spectator is thirteen and at Covent Garden fifteen feet six inches further from the performer than in Garrick's Theatre; and the immensity of these theatres obliges the actors often to overstrain their voices, which cannot be done without some distortion of features. All who witnessed Mr. Kean's performance at the English Opera House in 1828, will, we are persuaded, agree with these observations on the excellent construction of Mr. Arnold's theatre.

The English Opera House would contain 2,000 persons; 700 in the boxes 650 pit; 700 galleries; in money £325 besides 160 persons in the private boxes.

The Naturalist.

POLYPI AND CORAL ANIMALS.

Millions of millions thus from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unweariable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual
mound,
By marvellous structure climbing towards the
day.

Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them ;
Hence, what Omnipotence alone could do
Worms did. *Montgomery's Pelican Island.*

A SINGLE glance at the habits of these wonderful creatures is calculated to impress the observer with but a faint idea of the purpose of their being. Innumerable animals attract our attention by the beauty and variety of their colours ; yet to pursue the Polype in all its protean forms and structures would be an endless task ; since the researches of the Naturalist, with the powerful aid of the microscope, have probably only ascertained a few of its surprising habits and peculiarities. Even a patient examination of the Engravings, and a few facts of their history will fill the reader with delight and astonishment.

Polypi appear to form a distinct branch of existence, whose habits are totally unlike locomotive beings. Previous to the laborious investigations of Mr. John Ellis, a distinguished naturalist who died in the year 1776, they were considered as marine plants, so unacquainted were we at that time with their animal nature. Indeed, their general form and appearance would almost warrant this conclusion ; yet this gentleman and more recent observers have proved their power of multiplication and industry to be so great, that perhaps they fill up the bottom of the vast ocean, and thereby appropriate to themselves as large a portion of the surface of the globe as is occupied by the land itself. In this manner Divine Wisdom humbles the pride of man, by means apparently the most insignificant.



Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1. represents a fresh-water Polype, magnified, with its several horns expanded, which serve instead of legs and arms. It is gelatinous, semi-transparent, and therefore not easily detected by unpractised eyes. In a state of rest the body and arms are extended ; but when disturbed and taken out of the water they contract into a shapeless mass. They are found in ponds and gently running streams, from the commencement of spring until autumn, attached by their posterior extremity to aquatic plants, &c. Their whole body is in fact but a stomach provided with arms for taking their prey. They propagate during summer, by shooting out living young ones like buds, which frequently detach others previous to their separation from the parent stem. On the approach of winter, however, they have also the power of laying eggs, whence a new progeny escapes in the ensuing spring. When divided into six or even more pieces, each piece is, within a few days, converted into a perfect Polype. By dividing the head or posterior part of the body longitudinally, the number of those parts may be increased at pleasure. Several may be stuck together, and in this or other ways, formed into singular and monstrous groups. They may be turned inside out like a glove, and may be divided longitudinally, and expanded like a piece of riband ; and in this state it has been remarked that they have the power of destroying each other in an incomprehensible manner, or rather of running together. According to the remarkable observations of the late Professor Lichtenberg, when included in a noose of hair, in proportion as the loop cuts its way through them, the divided parts are reunited. The Polype even swallows bodies larger than itself, as shown in fig. 2., which represents a Polype after it has swallowed a worm. It has the surprising property of extending its mouth wider, in proportion, than any other animal. After its food is digested in its stomach, it returns the remains of the animal it fed on through its mouth again, having no other observable aperture. "This circumstance, strange as it may appear," observes Mr. T. Carpenter, "I have often witnessed."

Fig. 3. is a clustered Polype of its natural size extending itself. This specimen was brought up from 236 fathoms, in lat. 70 north, about 80 miles from Greenland, and was at first taken for a fine full-blown flower.

Fig. 4. is a magnified Polype, resembling a medusa, or sea-flower, and in-

habiting a madrepora, or species of branching coral with star-shaped cavities. Three different parts compose this wonderful little animal. The feet are arranged all round, and on the outside are seen cavities, in which are lodged the animal's heads, which have prickly rays, as in the centre, where it has a continued oscillatory motion from right to left. It is extremely tender, transparent, and beautifully coloured.

Fig. 3.

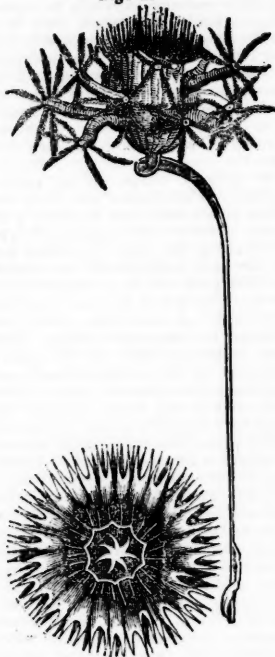


Fig. 4.

Coral formations are attributed to the last described animals. Their labours would fill many volumes and museums; and the rapidity with which immense coral reefs are formed by them is truly astonishing. Mr. Carpenter had a fine specimen of a sea-fan, formed by a particular species of these animals. He broke off a small piece of this production, and having soaked it in water for some time, he found within it multitudes of Polypi. Coral rocks, which rise from the bed of the ocean, were formerly thought to be of a vegetable nature;

yet subsequent investigation has proved their foundation to be effected by Polypi. A portion of our own island is based on a foundation of coral; and many islands between the tropics appear to rest entirely on masses of coral rocks. The rapidity of their labours is equally surprising with their vastness. Blumenbach says, "I have known from eye witnesses, that pieces of wreck are often found in the West Indies to be overgrown with madrepores and other corals, within three quarters of a year. From the same cause, the harbour of Bantam, formerly so excellent, is now almost wholly obstructed." Many volcanic islands in the South Seas and West Indies, Barbadoes, for instance, are, as it were, invested with a circle of coral. Captain Cook, in his first voyage round the world, had ample experience on the east coast of New Holland, which he first explored, of the danger to navigators of unknown shores, caused by the projection of coral stems to a vast height from the bottom of the sea. Captain Flinders, in his voyage to Terra Australis, gives an interesting description of these formations on the coast of New South Wales; and Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, published in 1821, gives even more minute details of the process. In truth, it is one of the most beautiful objects of geological research to trace the progress of these formations, by the minute but combined labours of millions of these marine zoophytes, which occupy the lowest rank in the animal kingdom; but which have been instrumental in giving to the earth its present form. Neither can we forget the exquisite embellishment with which Montgomery has invested this "infancy of life" in his sublime poem of the *Pelican Island*. Perhaps, poetry and philosophy were never more beautifully blended than in the passages to which we allude.*

* See *Mirror*, vol. x. p. 279, 389.

Notes of a Reader.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

[In a very sportive review of Mr. Atherton's poem of this title, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, we find the following:]

We cannot make out from the data, what may have been the tottle of the whole of the hostile armies engaged in the great battle beneath the walls of Nineveh. At the lowest computation, certainly upwards of a million—at the highest two millions. The troops must have covered much ground; but Mr.

Atherstone so manages it, that when any one of his heroes distinguishes himself by slaying or stabbing, he is seen or heard over the whole field of battle—just as distinctly—or perhaps more so—as a president or croupier of a civic feast, slaying or spouting in our Waterloo Rooms. Neither Mr. Atherstone, nor the generals he commands, find any difficulty in manœuvring such immense bodies. The instant orders are issued for the advance of a couple of thousand chariots, they drive up to the spot. From fifty to a hundred thousand cavalry are ready at a moment's warning to charge upon any given point and twice five score thousand infantry are wheeled into line in less than no time—or take close column before you can say Jack Robinson—or form a solid square in the twinkling of a bed-post. The ease and rapidity with which these movements are executed surpass all praise. As our military and naval puppies always say now, "It was beautiful." The art of war has been almost entirely lost since Sardanapalus—Wellington and Napoleon are ninies in comparison with Arbaces and Salamenes—and to the battle of Nineveh, Borodino and Waterloo mere street rows. Yet, somehow or other, with all that rushing and roaring, and shouting and thundering, and masterly movements among millions of men, we, for our own parts, can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that it is any thing after all but a sham fight. And what is worse, when things wear a serious aspect, and the hostile armies "mean fighting, and nothing else," it is not possible to care one straw which of them wins the toss for the sun, or gives the first knock-down blow, draws first blood, or wins the fight. There is throughout too much chaffing—and at last it ends in a wrangle and a draw, to the mutual dissatisfaction of the combatants, and the disgust of the spectators.

Never having ourselves been—any more than Mr. Atherstone in a great pitched battle between two armies of a million men each, we must not be dogmatical on the quantity of speaking that occurs either in the ranks, or among the generals. Some of Homer's heroes are abundantly loquacious, no doubt; but then they talk as well as they fight, like warrior-bards or sages as they were; nobody has ever likened the race of men to the race of leaves so beautifully as Glauco. Mr. Atherstone's heroes are too long-winded, and deal not in *εὐκαίρως* *προφορά*. Belesis, the Babylonian Priest, draws the slow words intermin-

ably out of his mouth, like a mountebank so many yards of riband. At the most critical moment of a heady fight,

"And still to heaven he pointed, and cried out
Unceasingly,"

as follows. How he escaped getting his scone cracked during delivery, we know not; there must have been strange and culpable remissness in the Assyrians.

ALLSPICE.

THE leaves and bark of the allspice tree are full of aromatic inflammable particles, on account of which the growers are extremely cautious not to suffer any fire to be made near the walks, for if it once catch the trees, they consume with great rapidity. Pimento is called *Allspice* from the berries smelling and tasting like cloves, juniper-berries, cinnamon, and pepper, or rather a mixture of them all.

LIEUTENANT LUFF.

"ALL you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,

Take warning by the dismal fate

Of one Lieutenant Luff.

A sober man he might have been

Except in one regard—

He did not like *soft* water

So he took to *drinking hard*.

Said he, let others fancy slops,

And talk in praise of tea,

But I am no *Bohemian*,

So do not like *Bohea* :

If wine's a poison, so is tea,

Though in another shape :

What matter whether one is killed

By *canister* or *grape* ?

According to this kind of taste

Did he indulge his drouth,

And being fond of *port*, he made

A *wort* hole of his mouth !

A single pint he might have sipped,

And not been out of sorts ;

In geologic phrase, the rock

He split upon was *quartz* !

To 'hold the mirror up to vice'

With him was hard, alas ;

The worse for wine he often was,

But not 'before a glass ;'

No kind and prudent friend he had

To bid him drink no more ;

The only *chequers* in his course

Were at a tavern door.

Full soon the sad effects of this

His frame began to show,

For that old enemy the gout

Had taken him in *toe* !

And joined with this an evil came

Of quite another sort,

For while he drank, himself, his purse

Was getting 'something short.'

For want of cash he soon had pawned

One half that he possessed :

And drinking showed him *duplicates*

Beforehand of the rest.

So now his creditors resolved

To seize on his assets,

For why, they found that his *half* pay

Did not *half* pay his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode

His creditors to chouse,

For his own *execution* he

Put into his own house ;

A pistol, to the muzzle charged,
He took devoid of fear,
Said he, 'this barrel is my last,
So now for my last tier.'

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,
And not against his brain;
So he blew out his lights, and none
Could blow them in again;
A jury for a verdict met,
And gave it in these terms:
'We find as how as certain slugs
Has sent him to the worms.'"
Hood's Comic Melodies.

SHOW-HOUSES.

WE think that in all gentlemen's seats which are considered show places, it would be much more honourable to their owners, and preserve more impartial attention to strangers from their servants, to allow the payment for the sight to be voluntarily dropped into a box, as in the case of some foreign show-buildings and gardens, than to have it paid like a physician's fee, as at present. This box might be opened at certain times, and the money apportioned either among all the servants, or chiefly to the aged and infirm, or applied to some other benevolent or enlightened purpose.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

TWO OF A NAME.

GEORGE COLMAN, in his *Random Records*, by the way, one of the most random books we have ever seen, has the following oddity:

"It is odd that I should have known two *Harveys*, whose callings, though so very different, caused both one and the other to be daily and hourly witnesses of scenes which smelt of mortality: the first being a learned leech (Dr. Harvey, then Registrar of the College of Physicians,) the second the landlord of the Black Dog, at Bedford, famed for his *fish sauce*, and his knowledge and practice of cookery. I am uncertain whether he be still alive; but his well-known and well-frequented inn continues, I suppose, to overlook the churchyard, which is remarkable for a couple of yews, clipped into likenesses, by no means flattering, of the beauteous birds of Juno. I once scrawled some lines at this inn, which I give from memory:—

*Harvey, whose inn commands a view
Of Bedford's church and churchyard, too,
Where yew trees into peacocks shorn,
In vegetable torture mourn,
Is liable, no doubt, to glooms,
From "Meditations on the Tombs."
But, while he meditates, he cooks,
Thus both to quick and dead he looks;
Turning his mind to nothing save
Thoughts on men's grave and his grave.
Long may he keep from churchyard holes
Our bodies, with his sauce for soles!
Long may he hinder death from beckoning
His guests to settle their last reckoning.*

MONSIEUR TONSON.

"Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come again."

MR. TAYLOR's very pleasant *jeu de-mot*, *Monsieur Tonson*, illustrated with half-a-dozen clever prints from the pencil of Robert Cruikshank, is a treat for all ages. They are etchy and spirited, and nearly free from caricature; whilst the fun and humour displayed in each are almost as good as witnessing the Tonson farce, so long familiar to our stage. To particularize the prints is more than we can do, especially as the reader may satisfy himself for a shilling!

A PORTRAIT.

WE have before us now at the table on which we write, a girl, beautiful, indeed, in herself, but so plainly, and yet so tastefully dressed, as to add to her natural loveliness. She has light brown hair, clustering thickly down her cheek; her blue eyes are fixed intently on a book, while her rosy lips seem to move unconsciously, and her brow to assume an appearance of intense excitement under the inspiration of what she is reading. She wears a plain white gown; a pink-coloured kerchief in vain endeavours to conceal the heavings of her breast; no necklace is round her throat—and, above all, none of those revolting remnants of barbarity—ear-rings—destroying the chaste simplicity of her cheek and neck. And what is there in all that? A thousand girls dress simply and elegantly in white gowns, a thousand wear no ornaments in their hair, and thousands upon thousands submit to no manacles in their ears; and yet, with many, this unadorned style would not be the most becoming. Give bracelets on the wrist, and aigrettes in their locks, to the flashing-eyed flirt; dress her in gay-coloured silks, and let rings sparkle on every finger as she lifts it in playful and heartless gaiety to captivate some large-eyed, wide-mouthed spoon, who thinks she cares only for him;—but to the meek and gentle daughters of our hearts, the noiseless spirits of our homes, give drapery pure and spotless as their thoughts, and white as the snowy bosoms which it covers.

Blackwood's Magazine.

WAGES.

THE average annual wages of labour in Hindostan are from one pound to two pounds, troy, of silver, a year. In England they are from nine pounds to fifteen pounds, troy. In Upper Canada and the United States of America, they are from twelve pounds to twenty pounds.

Within the same time, the American labourer obtains twelve times, and the English labourer nine times as much silver as the Hindoo.—*Lecture on "the Cost of obtaining Money," by N. W. Senior, A. M. Professor of Political Economy, at Oxford.*

STEAM-COACHES.

A STAGE-COACH and four horses, spanking along, may not exactly come under the head of the picturesque, but at any rate they are more glorious to behold than a steam-coach with its boiler, if one may be permitted to judge by the engravings of that invention. The poet Wordsworth has likened the smoking horses of a wagon to Apollo in a cloud; but unto what should he liken the smoking tubes of a steam-coach? There has been a whisper of a steam-plough. How future commentators will rack their brains over the first stanza of Gray's *Elegy* in a Churchyard! "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way!" What in the world could that mysterious personage, "the ploughman," have been?

JAVANESE CHILDREN.

THE children of Java are well grown, strong, and nimble; qualities conceived to arise from their being brought up in the open air. They are washed in cold water on the very day of their birth, and the practice is continued until they are able to run alone, and follow their own inclination for bathing. From thenceforward they have a sort of amphibious life; indeed, whenever the heat is most overpowering, both children and grown up persons jump into the water, or else illustrate one another from head to foot out of a hollow cocoa-nut.

The Selector;

AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF
NEW WORKS.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

{Vol. vii. and viii. of the New Series include *Rob Roy*. The situations of the Frontispieces are well chosen—the first being the Baillie meeting with Rob in the Tolbooth; and the second, Osbaldistone's first interview with Rashleigh, at Osbaldistone Hall, with Diana Vernon, and so exquisitely described in these words: "I started up in amazement—Diana Vernon stood before me, resting on the arm of a figure so strongly resembling that of the portrait so often

mentioned, that I looked hastily at the frame, expecting to see it empty." The Vignettes are comparatively interesting. The additional Notes, extending to upwards of 130 pages contain many documents and characteristic anecdotes which throw much light on the personal history of Rob Roy. From these we select the following:]

He himself appears to have been singularly adapted for the profession which he proposed to exercise. His stature was not of the tallest, but his person was uncommonly strong and compact. The greatest peculiarities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders, and the great and almost disproportioned length of his arms; so remarkable, indeed, that it was said he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which are placed two inches below the knee. His countenance was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark red, thick, and frizzled, and curled short around the face. His fashion of dress showed, of course, the knees and upper part of the leg, which was described to me as resembling that of a Highland bull, hirsute, with red hair, and evincing muscular strength similar to that animal. To these personal qualifications must be added a masterly use of the Highland sword, in which his length of arm gave him great advantage, and a perfect and intimate knowledge of all the recesses of the wild country in which he harboured, and the character of the various individuals, whether friendly or hostile, with whom he might come in contact.

His mental qualities seem to have been no less adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed. Though the descendant of the blood-thirsty Ciar Mohr, he inherited none of his ancestor's ferocity. On the contrary, Rob Roy avoided every appearance of cruelty, and it is not averred that he was ever the means of unnecessary bloodshed, or the actor in any deed which could lead the way to it. His schemes of plunder were contrived and executed with equal boldness and sagacity, and were almost universally successful, from the skill with which they were laid, and the secrecy and rapidity with which they were executed. Like Robin Hood of England, he was a kind and gentle robber, and, while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. This might in part be policy; but the universal tradition of the country speaks it to have arisen from a better motive. All whom I have conversed with, and I have

in my youth seen some who knew Rob Roy personally, gave him the character of a benevolent and humane man "in his way."

I may here mention one or two occasions on which Rob Roy appears to have given way. My late venerable friend, John Ramsay of Ochertyre, alike eminent as a classical scholar and as an authentic register of the ancient history and manners of Scotland, informed me, that on occasion of a public meeting at a bonfire in the town of Doune, Rob Roy gave some offence to James Edmondstone of Newton, the same gentleman who was unfortunately concerned in the slaughter of Lord Rollo, (see Macclaurin's Criminal Trials, No. IX.), when Edmondstone compelled MacGregor to quit the town on pain of being thrown by him into the bonfire. "I broke one of your ribs on a former occasion," said he, "and now, Rob, if you provoke me farther, I will break your neck." But it must be remembered that Edmondstone was a man of consequence in the Jacobite party, as he carried the royal standard of James VII. at the battle of Sherrif-muir, and also, that he was near the door of his own mansion-house, and probably surrounded by his friends and adherents. Rob Roy, however, suffered in reputation for retiring under such a threat.

Another well-vouched case is that of Cunningham of Boquhan.

Henry Cunningham, Esq. of Boquhan, was a gentleman of Stirlingshire, who, like many *exquisites* of our own time, united a natural high spirit and daring character with an affectation of delicacy of address and manners amounting to foppery. He chanced to be in company with Rob Roy, who either in contempt of Boquhan's supposed effeminacy, or because he thought him a safe person to fix a quarrel on, (a point which Rob's enemies alleged he was wont to consider), insulted him so grossly that a challenge passed between them. The goodwife of the clachan had hidden Cunningham's sword, and, while he rummaged the house in quest of his own or some other, Rob Roy went to the Shieling Hall, the appointed place of combat, and paraded there with great majesty, waiting for his antagonist. In the meantime, Cunningham had rummaged out an old sword, and, entering the ground of contest in all haste, rushed on the outlaw with such unexpected fury that he fairly drove him off the field, nor did he show himself in the village again for some time. Mr. MacGregor Stirling has a softened ac-

count of this anecdote in his new edition of Nimmo's Stirlingshire; still he records Rob Roy's discomfiture.

LAST DAYS OF DIDEROT,
The French Philosopher.

It is well known that Diderot went to Russia, where the Empress Catherine was very generous to him. A short time after his return his health broke up. "The 19th of February, 1784, he was attacked by a violent spitting of blood. 'It is all over,' said he to me; 'we must part: I am strong—it will not take place in a couple of days, but a fortnight, a month, a year.' I was so accustomed to give credence to every thing he said, that I did not for a moment doubt the truth; and during the whole of his illness I never approached him but with trembling, or quitted him but with the fear of its being for ever. The nature of the spitting of blood, together with the state of his pulse, announced inflammation of the lungs—he was bled three times in twenty-four hours;—the dangerous symptoms gave way, and he seemed to be approaching to convalescence. The eighth day of his illness he attempted to enter into conversation; but his head was disordered—he spoke without meaning, was himself aware of it, essayed the same subject again, and did the same. He then rose. 'An apoplexy,' said he to me, looking at himself in a mirror, and making me observe his mouth, which was slightly distorted, and his hand cold and motionless. He retired to his chamber, reposed himself on the bed, embraced my mother, took leave of her, and afterwards of me, pointed out the place where some books were to be found that did not belong to him, and ceased to speak. Nevertheless, he revived, but only for a short time. The curé of Saint Sulpice, hearing of his illness, came frequently to see him. One day, when they had agreed upon many points of morality which had reference to charity and good works, the curé ventured to say, that if he would print these opinions, and a slight retraction of his works, it would have a great effect on the world. 'I believe it, Monsieur le Curé; but you must allow that I should tell an impudent lie.' " Diderot went and resided with a friend in the country; but shortly quitted it to occupy a superb suite of apartments, which the Empress of Russia had engaged for him in the Rue de Richelieu. He enjoyed them for twelve days; he was quite delighted; having always lodged in a garret, he found him-

self in a palace. But every day his physical powers declined: his reason, however, was unimpaired; and he was fully persuaded of his approaching dissolution. He was uneasy at being the source of affliction to those about him, and whom he saw overwhelmed with grief: he busied himself with all that could divert or beguile them: every day he would cause a fresh arrangement of the objects around him; he hung up his prints anew. The evening previous to his decease, they brought him a more commodious bed; the workmen irritated him with the noise of putting it up. 'My men,' said he to them, 'you are taking a vast deal of trouble for a piece of furniture of four days' use.' In the evening he received his friends; the conversation turned upon philosophy and the various roads of reaching this science. 'The first step,' said he, 'towards philosophy is incredulity.' These words were the last he uttered in my presence; it was late; I left him with the hope of seeing him again. He rose on Saturday, the 30th of July, 1784, and conversed the whole morning with his son-in-law and his physician; he sat down to dinner, took soup, ate some boiled mutton, and an apricot, which my mother wished to prevent. 'What the devil harm do you think this can do me?' He ate it; placed his elbows on the table to take some preserved cherries; coughed slightly. My mother spoke to him. As he was silent, she raised her head—gazed upon him—he was no more!

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

From a French Work, translated in the Foreign Literary Gazette.

THE ravages of the destructive winter upon Frenchmen may be faintly conceived, when it is asserted that few of our troops were provided with the resources absolutely indispensable even to the natives of the country. Most of the soldiers were lightly clad; others were scarcely covered by their tattered garments. In this state of nudity were they obliged to march, struggling during the day against the rigour of the north wind, and braving it through the bivouac of the night. Then only was the army really dispersed and annihilated by the frost—then only was every trace of discipline destroyed. Deaf to the voice of command, the soldiers listened only to the dictates of self-preservation; the officers were mingled pell-mell in their ranks. The troops were soon without shoes, in place of which

were substituted pieces of cloth, of linen, or skins of animals fastened with strings, or even with straw twisted together. These rude contrivances were insufficient to promote the circulation of the blood to the extremities. The sufferer, on first experiencing the attacks of the cold, involuntarily slackened his pace—then slowly, and with effort, advanced one after the other his stiffened joints—reeled—stopped—and fell to rise no more! Often, ere life was totally extinct, the victim was stripped by his comrades, who struggled over his naked body for the wretched booty of his rags! Misfortune had dried up the sources of pity in every heart. Here and there the plunder of a solitary expiring wretch, divided amongst the greedy survivors, added a few tatters to the lividity of wretchedness and want. Some enveloped their heads with the meagre fragments, and thus increased the involuntary horror inspired by their fleshless, livid countenances, their sunken eyes, their cheeks emaciated by suffering and privation, and bristling with a filthy beard. A few weeks before, each eye had sparkled with the expression of hope—each cheek had glowed with the bloom of youth and martial comeliness. Now famine and despair sat on every face—so changed that for days together, friends marched side by side without recognising each other's features. Many a sufferer, at length aware of the vicinity of some once-loved comrade, avoided his presence, that he might in solitude and secrecy devour the scanty, loathsome pittance which else the importunity of a dying friend might urge him to divide!

Night came, and with it scenes not less deplorable than those which the day had witnessed. The soldiers who first arrived at the bivouacs kindled immense fires, round which they thronged in crowds. At sight of the flames even the feeble redoubled their efforts to crawl to the spot, and eagerly implored permission to stretch their limbs for a moment before the blaze. Their entreaties being granted, they rushed upon the burning pile; and, astonished at not feeling the heat, plunged their benumbed, icy hands into the red-hot embers. The vital parts were instantly torn by the most excruciating agony;—mortification took place, and death ensued in a few hours. The most cruel losses were sustained by one division in particular, formed in a great measure of youths under the age strictly prescribed by the conscription laws. Exposed too suddenly to the action of excessive cold,

these unseasoned troops experienced the first attacks of the frost in their hands, then in their arms, which all at once becoming paralyzed, dropped their muskets. The unfortunate youths next stared vacantly around, and exhibited all the heart-rending symptoms of madness. Their limbs tottered like those of drunken men—they fell—essayd to rise—but in vain. Their contracted features assumed a purple tint. On the point of death, they wept like children; and the stream of life rushing towards the brain, forced itself a passage through their half-extinguished eyes, whence it issued in tears of blood. In this appalling manner, and in less than three days seven thousand perished. The routes by which the army passed presented the aspect of a hotly-disputed field of battle, strewed with arms, cannon, baggage, and dying soldiers, whom the Russians disdained as prisoners of war, but plundered and massacred in cold blood. The Russian officers in vain endeavoured to restrain the barbarity, at sight of which they sickened: the Cossacks answered their remonstrances with ferocious cries of "Moscow!—Moscow!"—thus intimating their desire of avenging upon their hapless prey the burning of the Russian capital—the atrocious crime of a Russian governor. Without the adoption of figurative language, it may be averred, that before the end of the fatal 10th of December, blood flowed in torrents through the streets of Wilna, which were strewed with corpses. The sick in the hospitals, forgotten altogether, and left without attention or proper food, perished on their wretched straw beds in all the agonies of despair. The feeble number of victims who escaped the butchery of the 10th were marched into the interior, with the bands of prisoners captured at Minsk and on the banks of the Beresina. Exposed during the day to the rigours of a destructive climate, they were compelled to bivouac during the night without fire or food. Of 5,000 prisoners marched in this manner upon Bobrouik, only twenty lived to reach their destination.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of uncon sidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

PHILIPPICS.

THIS was the name given to the orations of Demosthenes against Philip, King of Macedon, to rouse the Athenians against Philip, and guard against his crafty policy. They are esteemed the masterpieces of that great orator. Cicero's

Philippics cost him his life; Marc Antony having been so irritated with them, that when he arrived at the triumvirate, he procured Cicero's murder, cut off his head, and stuck it up in the very place whence the orator delivered the philippics.

CURIOUS RHYMING SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT WITCHCRAFT.

WILLIAM CLOWES, an eminent surgeon of the fifteenth century, tells a merry story of an old beldam, who was put on her trial for using witchcraft in the cure of diseases. The judges, who saw the ignorance as well as the malice of the persecutors, told the dame, if she would divulge her charm she should be set at liberty. This she readily did, to the no small diversion of the court, when she informed them, that it consisted in repeating the following words, after the stipulated pay, a loaf of bread and a penny:—

"My loaf in my lap,
My penny in my purse,
Thou art never the better,
And I am never the worse."

SMOKING JOKE.

In the book in which travellers who visit Mount Vesuvius usually inscribe their names, a captain of Austrian dragoons made the following curious entry, which we translate literally:—"F. N. has lit his pipe at the crater of Vesuvius—Providence and the Tuscan dragoons for ever."—*Foreign Literary Gazette.*

THE footman of a gentleman possessed of a most irritable temper, desired to be dismissed. "Why do you leave me!" said the master. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," replied the servant, "but then it is no sooner off than it is on."

HANGING IN CHAINS.

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other, "Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains?" "No, honey!" replied he, "no great difference; only 'one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life.'"

Printed and Published by J. LINBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London: sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipzig; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.